

THE TRUE.
Thus spake the god: "Take thou this lot of love
So sweetly turned is it that when thy true
Ideal
Thou meetest—and she speaks—the strings
will move
In sympathy. The lot her presence will
reveal.
And to no other soul, however fond,
Will these sweet tones of love respond."
I took the lot, and went forth on my quest.
Through all the long and weary day the
notes beguiled
The journey. When the sun sank to the
west
The strains were gentle as the singing of a
child:
And through the night, while burned the
heavenly fires,
Thought rose above the sordid earth's de-
sires.
But now the precious lot neglected lies
Outside the palace gate. Oft-times the
wind blows free
And stirs the tinsel strings to plaintive
sighs
And yet I heed it not—the notes are harsh to
me.
The True is won! So sweet her voice is
wrought
That all else seems discordant to my
thought.
—Florent S. Mox, in Harper's Weekly.

Calcatroni's Revenge.

Of course you remember that affair which caused so much gossip, four or five years ago, at the wedding of Antonin Leroux, the banker's son, and Mademoiselle Combe aux Fontaines.

Leroux had formerly been associated with an Italian count named Calcatroni, who was often numbered among the banker's guests. He is seen there no more, however.

There were rumors about casting doubt on the solvency of the bank, and many persons predicted that the marriage would never take place, yet it did, and the presents were magnificent.

Among the guests was an old friend of the family, the learned Desroches, librarian of the Garde Meuble, a man whose position obliged him to cultivate two very different qualities; it was necessary for him to be at the same time the most courteous, and the most suspicious of men, to treat every reader in the library as a brother in science, an esteemed friend, but a man who must be closely watched, and whose pockets must be probed with a glance.

"I know many good women and honest men," he often said, "but there is no human being on earth who is not, at some time of life, tempted to walk off with a valuable book."

To return to the wedding. On leaving the church the bride and her attendants went to Madame Leroux's home where a collation was served. In one of the parlors the presents were on exhibition, according to a deplorable custom which forces every guest to contribute with a generosity often involuntary. Among the jewelry was a diamond necklace, the gift of the bridegroom's father, which attracted every eye, and to fight all doubts as to the state of the banker's finances. It cost ten thousand crowns at the lowest estimation.

While every one was busily engaged in the dining-room a sudden clamor arose, and a whisper passed from one guest to another.

"The diamond necklace is stolen!"
—Mr. Leroux behaved like a true aristocrat. When the catastrophe was reported to him he turned red in the face for an instant, but recovered himself immediately and said in a tone of calmness:

"Do not excite yourselves, my friends, a mere money loss is not a mortal wound. I do not want a trifling disappointment to cast a gloom over a day like this. My dear children, may this slight and unforeseen shadow be the only one to fall across your life's pathway!"

"He is a plucky dog," muttered a philosophical guest, but all felt the situation a painful one, and most of the guests breathed more freely on finding themselves outside the house.

In ten minutes the rooms were empty, and then a servant informed Mr. Leroux that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the library. Hurrying in, he found Desroches, who was evidently much excited.

"Mr. Leroux," said the old librarian, "the duties of my profession have caused me to acquire the habit of watching the people round me. I saw the diamond necklace stolen. The thief is a man of about fifty, tall, slim and very dark. He must be a friend of yours for I noticed him shaking hands with you repeatedly in the society, after the marriage. I have been following him and was about to speak to him when we were separated by the crowd in the street and he got into a cab and escaped me. I took the number, however, and you will have no difficulty in tracing the fellow. Of course I shall be delighted to testify. Shall we go to the police at once?"

At the last words Leroux sprang up and stood barring the door, as if he thought Desroches himself the thief.

"Wait a minute, please," he exclaimed, "I think I know the person you suspect."

"Suspect? The deuce!" interrupted Desroches, "I tell you I saw it. Thanks to a mirror, I distinctly saw him put the diamonds into his pocket. He will sleep in jail to-night, that is, if he is sleepy. Only, we must not lose any time."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Desroches,

the unfortunate wretch will sleep in his own bed. I am not very intimate with him, but we once had business relations with each other. I do not choose to prosecute him. Therefore, Monsieur, you saw nothing, do you understand? Accept my thanks for your trouble."

Desroches left the house in a state of amazement. Such magnanimity seemed to him to savor of complicity, and after thinking the matter over carefully, he repaired to the office of the Prefect of Police, and reported the theft, giving all the details possible, and then went home with a lightened conscience. The next day Leroux was visited by an officer, and on seeing the librarian's signature, he clinched his fist and wished his officious friend with the Furies. He declared his intention of making no complaint in the matter, and dismissed the officer. Five minutes later he was in secret council with Coudart, manager of the best detective agency in Paris. He stated the case in a few words, and his listener added—

"And you wish us to keep watch on the Count."

"Yes," replied Leroux, "you are to watch, but not to arrest him; on the contrary, you are to prevent his being arrested. An idiot of a man has gone and put the police on his track." Coudart took notes in shorthand, and Leroux added uneasily—

"It probably seems strange to you—"

"Nothing seems strange to me," interrupted the detective, "and this is not the first time I have had such a charge. If the public knew all our secrets they would be less astonished at the failures of the police to make arrests. I understand you wish our gentlemen to be put to no inconvenience whatever."

That evening, Calcatroni, on leaving the opera house, stopped a minute to take out a cigar and was accosted by a stranger, who asked the favor of a light. He had the air of a perfect gentleman, and raising his hat politely, he said:

"Count Calcatroni, if you think of going to your home now, I advise you to change your plans, or within fifteen minutes you will be seated in a cab between two police officers. You would do better to come and spend the night with me. And, by the way, where are the diamonds?"

The Count was astonished. After a pause he said, laughingly:

"You carry the joke too far. Who are you?"

"A fairy, a guardian angel," replied Coudart. "Your friend Leroux has commissioned me to watch over you. If you do not believe me, walk a little farther and you will see two men near your house awaiting your return."

"I will go with you," said Calcatroni, "and explain matters on the way. It was a debt of honor, fifteen thousand francs lost at cards, which I was obliged to pay to-day. I have pledged the diamonds for that amount, but will soon return them, Leroux need have no fear. Dear fellow, how kind he is to his old clerk! Express my gratitude to him. A week later when the banker received the message he said:

"I am willing to forgive him if he will give me back the diamonds at once."

"He cannot do that, for he has pawned them for fifteen thousand francs," said Coudart, and his hearer exclaimed:

"Pawned them—for fifteen—it is impossible!"

"They are worth more!"

"Suppose the broker should sell them!" cried Leroux, wildly. "Oh, Coudart, I beg you, find out his name for me!"

The next morning, instead of Coudart, the Count himself called at the banker's house and proudly presented his card. He was not kept waiting a minute, and when the two men met no one would have thought that it was Calcatroni, for whom the police were looking.

"It is true that you are in great distress," he said in a distant tone, and Leroux stammered out a reply, which his visitor interrupted with:

"For a week I have imagined that friendliness toward me prompted you. But now I know why you did not wish the police to know of your transactions. This morning I did what I never before thought necessary—believing you to be an honest man—I examined the diamonds."

"Then you did not pawn them!" cried Leroux, joyfully; and the other answered scornfully:

"Pawned them, sir! Since when have gentlemen tried to raise money on bits of glass?" Leroux fell into an armchair, trembling in every limb.

"You thought to deceive every one, did you not?" continued the Count.

"And in order to conceal the guilt about to swallow your patrons' fortunes you stooped to decorate your son's bride with worthless glass-ware! I am now going to the Prefect of Police to expose your machinations; I do not fear arrest, for a man cannot be punished for stealing rubbish. To-morrow a crowd of depositors will besiege your bank and demand their money."

"Have pity on me!" cried Leroux. "Do not go! What will you take to keep silence?"

"Fifteen thousand francs," replied Calcatroni promptly. "If I speak, your diamonds will cost you more than that."

I never heard how Leroux raised the money, but after some delay Calcatroni put it in his pocket and left the house with the air of a man who had performed an act of justice. On his way home he posed a letter for Mr. Leroux. It was addressed to the Prefect of Police, and stated that the lost necklace had just been found behind a piece of furniture where it must have fallen. The banker's business has improved since then, his daughter-in-law wears a necklace of real stones, but when any one speaks of the Leroux family, Count Calcatroni says, grandly—

"I do not visit these people."—From the French, in Epoch.

The Mound Builders.

It is generally believed that the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic coast were once populated by an agricultural and partially civilized race quite different from the nomadic Indians, and that after centuries of occupation they disappeared—at least a thousand and perhaps many thousand years before the advent of Europeans. The theory has been advanced that these people migrated from Asia; that they passed over Asia to Siberia, across Behring Straits, down the Pacific coast of America from Alaska and to the Mississippi Valley, and down to Mexico, Central America and Peru. The remains of the Mound Builders, as this vanished people are called, are scattered over most of the States of the central and lower Mississippi Valley, along the banks of the Missouri and on the sources of the Allegheny. They are most numerous in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Florida, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Texas, western part of New York and Iowa. These mounds vary greatly in size, in some instances being very extensive and exceedingly intricate, notably those of the Licking Valley, near Newark, O., which cover an area of two square miles; in other localities there are some which reach a height of ninety feet. It is not believed that these people had any written language, as no inscriptions or tablets yet discovered indicate this. Many of these mounds have been found to contain skeletons, numerous implements and ornaments, usually composed of stone, sometimes of copper—in its native state—and occasionally shell and bone; also coarse and rude pottery of various designs. In substitution of the belief that these people came from Asia is the fact that in Siberia mounds have been found similar to those in the Mississippi Valley.—Detroit Free Press.

Deborah's Brown Hair.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fish skipper of Vinal Haven, Me., named Solomon Marshall, was courting Deborah Sholes, of Upper Port la Tour, Nova Scotia. While at her home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden-brown hair. During the succeeding winter, which he spent at his home, he received the new that the young lady of his heart had turned sickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry-making.

In his despair he and a friend named Colby, who was afterwards killed in the Civil War, sored a three-quarter inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the States, where he afterwards died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained for year after year, the tree waxing large and strong, and covering over with its white wood and paper bark the precious token hid in its bosom. This last winter Mr. Edwin Smith, who now owns the old Marshall farm, cut the tree for firewood. In splitting the wood the axe happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner, of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of the heroine of this little romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders, of Lockport, Nova Scotia.—Boston Traveller.

Professional Butchers Are Scarce.

"Professional butchers are very scarce," remarked a St. Louis meat merchant of thirty-five years' experience. "We have a great many young fellows who hand meat over the block and call themselves butchers by way of courtesy, but, phew! they don't know what the word means. A professional butcher is a man who can take a few dollars in his pocket, go to the stock yards, buy a couple of bullocks, drive them to Butcher-town, kill and dress them himself, haul them to the shop, sell the meat out over the block, and all the time be able to tell exactly how much profit he will make by the deal. The old time butchers had to know their business. They made a close study of it, and were thoroughly scientific in their methods, as well as practical. The dressed beef companies have come in now, and professional butchers are nowhere."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

It is reported that there is a deficit of \$2,000,000 in Hayti's finances.

THE BOWERY.

SCENES IN A NOTORIOUS NEW YORK THOROUGHFARE.

A Crowded Street and Sidewalks—The Home of Cheap Lodging Houses and Dime Museums—The Shops.

At first view the Bowery impresses you as a place which ought to come up to the romance. As you come up Park Row, itself a curious place, you find yourself getting into a deep shadow, like the entrance to a cave. The air smells close and musty. The sunlight has taken the freshness with it. There are elevated tracks hanging low, and so closely covering the street that rain seldom falls upon it. This is Chatham Square, the entrance to the Bowery. Leaving the deep twilight of Division street to the right, you go straight up into the broad, yet dark highway of east-side life, crowded both in street and sidewalks, noisy with a multitude of sounds, some of which are to be heard nowhere else, shadowed by the tracks of the elevated, which hang low over the entire width of the street from Chatham Square to Grand, and in these ten or fifteen blocks is contained the true Bowery. Here are jumbled together a queer and varied lot of enterprises.

In and around Chatham Square the chief business is lodging-houses. On the outer walls are hung signs, bearing pretentious names, The Windsor, The Grand Windsor, The Atlantic, The Pacific, The Grand. Some of these places, most of them in fact, have a front as inviting as the names; there is gaudy paint, shining brasswork, an air of cleanliness, luxury even. This splendor is strangely out of keeping with the price lists hung beneath the signs and over the sidewalks, generally on cloth, through which a light shines at night, that he who runs may read. The prices range from fifteen to fifty cents. Clean sheets are offered at some places as a special inducement. All this appears from the street.

After the lodging-houses you will notice the dime museums. And here again is that pretentious exterior—the gay paint, the big signs, all the promise of good things within. There are pictures of curiosities that would appeal to the most blasé museum-goer. Inside it is a sad swindle. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is an image of the horned lady now living in Asia. This is an image of the two-headed calf now exhibiting in England." It is all fraud, all fake; and although you may have gone in expecting a cheat, you will have to far surpassed your expectations that you will look sneakingly about as you come out. The shooting galleries with the gaudy swinging targets—lions, tigers, elephants—are equally a delusion, and you will never get the quarters that reward hitting the bull's eye five times. The photograph galleries, where tintypes are to be had at phenomenally small prices, will give you likelinesses to make you wonder at your own possibilities of homeliness.

Then there are the shops. The Bowery is a great trading-place. The lower east side does most of its shopping there—buys its hats and shoes and shirts and gowns and furniture. There are queer shops in other streets not far from the Bowery; but the Bowery is the headquarters for swindling in merchandise, as in amusement.

Bargain signs hang over every door. Every one has just assigned, has just burned out, is leaving business. Everything is going at a sacrifice. All things are at bargain price; yet nothing is a bargain. There is everywhere a dreary monotony of cheapness—the cheapness that shines in the windows and falls to pieces in the arms of the purchaser on his way home. A dollar will buy more here than anywhere else in the city—and also less.

Among these shops are the pawnbrokers—pretenders and swindlers, as the others. For they are not pawnbrokers, for all their three-half signs and their conspicuous directions as to how to reach the private entrances. They like the auction houses, sell bad jewelry, fire-gilt watches, nickel-plated chains, gold-washed rings. They pretend that these things are unredeemed pawns. In reality not a pawn is in all the display.

In fact, the whole Bowery, in all its amusements, in all its business enterprises, is based upon the grand principle of the philosophy of humbug—that you can get something for nothing. That is the wherefore of all this tawdriness, all this vain show, this paint and gilding and glitter. These fakirs cater to the belief of low intelligence in its own shrewdness and cunning.

A stranger to New York walked up one side of the Bowery and down the other. When he emerged from its gloom, he said, "I never before knew how ugly the human race is." The Bowery is ugly, and the men and women who move in it share its homeliness. Faces lower as the air. Real laughter—vibrant of health and spirits—is as rare as bursts of sunshine. The people are clearly on the edge of life, fighting anxiously, harassed, for a foothold, and seemingly never quite gaining it. Few frames are stalwart; few shoulders do not bow. Now and then the face of a young girl passes before you. There may be prettiness in

it, but it is the sickly beauty of a potted flower in a sixth-story tenement back window. And you see that even the trace of fairness that comes with all youth in all places will fade, vanish utterly, in the stifling atmosphere of its environment. And for this one touch of freshness, how much that is jaded and hollow-chested and scrawny necked you will see! Generations of toil—hard, grinding, desperate toil—have produced these faces, these forms. Here, too, are the shadows of ancestors' sins that live behind uninviting faces. There is also the track of fresh vice, of avarice, of drunkenness, of sleepless nights followed by days of labor.

You need not go home with these people to find out their wretchedness. They have brought away the damp and poisonous exhalations of narrow halls and dirty rooms in their clothing. They have brought away the miseries of poverty in their faces. So each nationality in its own way explains to you why it is here and how it is struggling since it arrived.

All this is quite plain, to be sure. All human faces are interesting. But among the richer people the emotions are hidden by long schooling or softened by the comfort of the routine of life. Among these people there is no training to keep the face smooth and calm. The edge and vice of poverty is not turned. Poor food, poor lodging, dissipation, cut and tear and scar. So the mind and heart are bare upon the face.—Harper's Weekly.

An Automatic Change-Maker.

In a shop in New Orleans is now on exhibition an automatic money-changer, the invention of a liverman of that city. The device looks like an ordinary box of rosewood with slightly curved top, or ornamented with sundry bits of plate glass. In the front of the box is a compartment containing a bell and a series of small zinc boxes containing compartments regulated in size to meet the demands of the money to be placed in the machine for change-making purposes.

The backs of these cells are closed with a movable strip of metal, which slides down when the machine is in operation. These stripes slide between the cells which are set on a slightly inclined plane and a large box-shaped receptacle. Attached to the stripes are small batteries four in number, the armatures of which rest against the back of the metal bands. In the front part of the machine is a small movable arm, fitted with a slot. The money to be changed is placed in the arm, which is pushed back, allowing the coin to drop into the interior of the machine. By a clever contrivance the coin, no matter what its denomination be, strikes the set of cells in which its change rests and causes the magnet to draw away the slide which holds the coin in place. As soon as the armature is pulled back the metal backing to the small division is dropped one peg and the change which was in the compartment slides down the inclined base and drops through the horrible arrangement into a receptacle below, where it is accessible to the clerk. Should change for \$5 be required, a metal ring is dropped through the arm and the bill itself is placed in a compartment where it is seen by all, and entrance to which is only made by ringing a bell. Beside being a change-maker the machine can register the amount of the purchases.—New York Post.

The Earth Growing in Weight.

It hardly seems possible that the earth could increase in weight appreciably from the meteoric hail to which it is subjected. The few shooting stars one sees seem utterly incapable of producing any noticeable increase. It is not these, of which even a close observer could scarcely count an average of four an hour on a clear night, but the myriads of lesser ones that are never seen, unless, accidentally crossing the field of an observer's telescope, that produce the result. These lesser ones are of such slight weight that the small amount of light caused by their combustion in the earth's atmosphere is not visible to the naked eye. However, these little fellows are continually bombarding the earth day and night, year in, year out, finally reaching the surface as a fine dust. This increase in weight amounts to about ninety thousand tons a year at a very moderate calculation.—New York Recorder.

Scallops.

Scallops like the long seizes, or eel grass, and at low tide can easily be taken with a crab net or with the hands. They often have their shells open, and when they see you they seem to give a spring, that is, they shut their shells quickly, which gives them an impetus that makes them rise a little, and they fall about twelve inches farther away than they were at first. The line of motion is a curve, and they generally turn over just as they commence to fall. When caught they seem quite indignant, spit out a stream of water, and open and shut their shells quite rapidly. The part which is eaten is the hard muscle which controls the shells; all around this muscle is soft flesh, like the edges of an oyster, and this extends to the edges of the shells. All around are rows of spots of the most beautiful steel blue. These are probably organs of sight.—Scientific American.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Cats' flesh is much eaten in China.

Cotton having a beautiful red color is being grown in some parts of Georgia.

About 25,000 people are killed every year in India by wild beasts and reptiles.

London enjoyed eleven hours of sunshine on a recent Sunday—a most rare record.

One-third of the crime committed in London is perpetrated on Saturday nights.

There are 300 newspapers published in Fleet street, London, eleven of which are dailies.

One of the largest umbrella houses in New York has failed, giving as a reason that the styles changed too often.

An electric swing suggested for the World's Fair will carry twenty-four persons and swing a distance of 900 feet.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery, Haine, in Thibet, Asia, 16,000 feet above the sea.

A single sheet of paper six feet wide and seven and three-quarter miles long has been made at a paper-mill in New Jersey.

Franklin Pierce was the fourteenth President, and his initials stand for Fourteenth President. There are fourteen letters in his name.

The biggest orange tree in America is claimed to be in Terrebonne, La. It is fifteen feet in circumference and forty feet high. The yield this year is expected to reach 10,000 oranges.

The standard height of recruits for the Royal Marines (British) is to be five feet six inches for men under twenty years of age, and half an inch taller for those over twenty years of age.

A curious coin used by the Gauls about 2000 years ago was shaped like a horseshoe or the capital letter U, and was about one-fourth of an inch thick and two inches across. Specimens of this coin have recently been found in Ireland.

The last thatched cottage of the olden time in London has been destroyed. It fronted on the green at Shepherd's Bush, and there is good reason for believing that Miles Sydenham, the prime mover in the plot against the life of Cromwell, once lived in the house.

In Vienna, Austria, has been opened a postage stamp museum, where more than 100,000 stamps may be seen arranged in three large rooms. Among the rare specimens are the stamps used in the balloon and pigeon despatches of the Franco-German war in 1870-71.

The ancient Egyptians were not particular about the wraps in which to shroud their dead. Old napkins, old skirts and other cast-off clothing were so utilized. It is said that an unpaid debt bill was found on the person of a lately deceased mummy, whose teeth were in extra fine condition.

Antoinette Sterling, the famous singer, once attended a Quaker meeting in England, and after a prolonged silence on the part of everybody she rose and sang, "Rest in the Lord." At the close of the service one of the elders approached her and said, "Thee knowest, sister, that it is against the rules, but if the Lord tell thee to sing thee must."

The lobster is greatly in dread of thunder, and when the peals are very loud numbers of them drop their claws and swim away for deeper water. Any great fright may also induce them to drop their claws. But new claws begin at once to grow and in a short time are as large as the old ones and covered with hard shells. The lobster often drops its shell, when it hides until the new shell is hard enough to protect it.

A Thrifty Little Maiden.

Little Julia Fitzpatrick, of Round Brook, N. J., is only eleven years of age, but keeps her eye open for the main chance. One day last week her mother sent her to town on an errand. On the way she saw twenty-seven calves wandering aimlessly about the road, and as she at once surmised that they were astray and subject to the town pound, Miss Julia readily saw the money in the job, so she promptly corralled the calves and marched them off to the poundmaster, with the assistance of a boy whom she engaged for that purpose. The pound-master paid her twenty-five cents per head, or \$6.75 altogether. She gave the boy fifty cents for his help and pocketed the rest. Later in the day she found a cow in the street, which she also quickly impounded, receiving another quarter.—Chicago Post.

A Tree's Autobiography.

There is a section of a great tree in the National Museum at Washington to which is attached a chart giving the life of the monster of which it is a part. It was a tulip which commenced its life as a seedling in the year 1557, when Elizabeth ascended the English throne. Bacon and Shakespeare were born, the massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred, and Sir Francis Drake discovered the Golden Horn in the first twenty years of its existence. The ingenious chart enumerates occurrences in great number, of universal importance, up to the time when Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President, in 1885, and the tree ceased to live.—Boston Transcript.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

MAJOR CHARLES B. THROCKMORTON, Commandant at Fort Schuyler, New York, was recently arrested pending investigation of charges of issuing worthless checks and duplicating his pay vouchers.

FURNISHING to the proclamation of the Governor, the Pennsylvania Senate convened in extraordinary session at Harrisburg to consider whether sufficient cause exists for the removal from office of Auditor-General Thomas McCann and State Treasurer Henry K. Boyer, who are alleged to have been in collusion with ex-City Treasurer John J. Ford, of Philadelphia, in a malfeasance in office. Lieutenant-Governor Watres occupied the chair. Of the fifty Senators, four failed to answer the roll-call.

HENRY SANFORD and Frederick Lovejoy were elected President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Adams Express Company in New York City, to succeed John Hoy and Clapp Spooner, accused of malfeasance.

JUDGE HENRY WILDER ALLEN, of the Court of Common Pleas, died very unexpectedly in the Chamberlain Hospital, New York City. He was born in Alfred, Me., in 1826.

THE soldiers and sailors' monument in Utica, N. Y., was unveiled. General Joseph R. Hawley made an address.

EDWARD PARSONS, President of the First National Bank of Trenton, N. J., and a large real estate owner in New York City, was a member of the Friends' demonstration at Kentucky and Virginia dropped dead on a recent evening. Mr. Parsons was a member of the Friends' demonstration at Kentucky and Virginia dropped dead on a recent evening. Mr. Parsons was a member of the Friends' demonstration at Kentucky and Virginia dropped dead on a recent evening.

THOMAS H. BROOK, a clerk employed by Kennett, Hopkins & Co., New York Stock Exchange brokers, has disappeared. He was a defaulter to the extent of about \$20,000.

THREE persons were killed and eight injured by the breaking of the fly wheel in the Amesbury Mill, in Manchester, N. H.

THE United States court at Atlanta, which recently adjourned, during the late storm while on her way to help the wrecked steamer, and on which six men were taken on board, a fire broke out, and she arrived at the Port of New York.

AN attachment of over \$700,000 was issued in New York City against Ex-President John Hay's property, as a direct charge of embezzlement was made against him by the Adams Express Company.

THREE men were drowned. Rebecca A. Tashman, of Boston, married by Captain Anna Nickerson, of South Chatham, Mass., went down at sea, and her crew of seven men were drowned.

THE body of Mary S. Presbury, the missing South College girl, was found in Paradise Pond, Springfield, Mass. She had committed suicide. She was the daughter of a wealthy family, and was a devoted student of the college, and preferred death to disgrace. It is believed she was a kleptomaniac, as she had plenty of money of her own.

SAMUEL WHITNEY HALE, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, died at the home of his brother, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Fitchburg, Mass., in 1825.

THE General Conference of the Evangelical Church, which had been in session at Philadelphia, Penn., for two weeks, has just adjourned. The next General Conference will be held in the autumn of 1895, at Naperville, Ill.

AS four men of Ocean, Conn., who had acted as pallbearers at a funeral in William, were driving back to Ocean, their horse ran away down a hill. Peter McCafferty, aged thirty-four, and John and John Shee, were fatally hurt. The horses dashed over a precipice thirty feet high and were killed.

ON the first day of the sale at Hunt's Point, N. Y., of the racing stable of the late August Belmont, seventy-six stallions, broodmares and yearlings brought \$70,000.

IRVING A. EVANS, the stock broker, known to Boston and New York speculators as "Nervy" Evans, shot himself dead at the summer residence of his uncle, Brice L. Evans, in Allentown, N. H.

South and West.

JACOB GOODRICH has declared the Alsea Land Law of Texas void.

SIX laborers on a construction train at Enley City went to sleep in a car where a red-hot stove was close to two kegs of powder. The powder caught fire and exploded, blowing the car to fragments. All were killed.

THE Minnesota Presbyterian Synod in session at Minneapolis, Minn., was against opening the World's Fair on Sunday.

ONE of the latest moves of the Farmers' Alliance is the boycotting of the town of Lodi, Cal. The town is being boycotted because the Town Council enacted a law prohibiting the running of a stock in the corporate limits.

REPORTS from northern Minnesota and North Dakota as far west as the Missouri River are of the most discouraging character. It snowed and rained all day and night, and the crops are a total loss. A wheat crop could turn among the thrashing machines. It was calculated that from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels of wheat would be utterly ruined.

THE Indianapolis (Ind.) city electric resulted in a Democratic victory. Sullivan was re-elected Mayor over Herod (Republican) by a majority of 778.

A PASSENGER train jumped the track just east of Hicksville, Ohio. All the cars left the rails, killing three persons and injuring twenty-five. The private car of ex-Secretary of State, in the wreck. Young Blaine was slightly injured.

SAN VINCENT, colored, was hanged by a mob near Helena, Ga., for assaulting Miss Ada Beckwith.

THE surgeon who accompanied the Coroner from Vermont to Stargardt, ranch in Idaho to examine the alleged remains of the late Robert Ray Hamilton, of New York City, reported that the examination was made of the body, but was unquestionably those of Robert Ray Hamilton, and that he came to his death by drowning.

C. F. HENRICKS, a disappointed inventor, committed suicide at Chicago, Ill., by inhaling chloroform. By his bedside was found the model of an uncompleted electric machine.

ASSAULT COUNTY ATTORNEY MORIARTY, who is also City Councilman, and six other prominent citizens of Omaha, Neb., have been arrested for taking part in a lynching.